



**Image**

**52** AUG  
DIGITAL EDITION

# SPAWN



**image** COMICS PRESENTS:

# "MESSIAH"



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#### Spawn #51 Summary:

Spawn freefalls through the levels of Hell where he undergoes a physical and psychological baptism. As the symbiotic costume begins to peel itself from its necroplasmic host, layer after layer of Al Simmons' life as it was on earth is peeled away. The weaknesses that damned him are exposed. Finally, to remove the last human vestiges from him, the ruler of the territory rips Al's heart from his necroplasmic body as Malebolgia makes plans for Spawn to take his place as a General in Hell's army. Meanwhile, Terry's doctors are still puzzled over his miraculous recovery. Wanda admits that she also has difficulty with it while Cyan stubbornly refuses to give up a filthy shoelace (Spawn's) she found at the hospital. Elsewhere in the city, Sam introduces Twitch to their new '55 Chevy Crimemobile.

FOR IMAGE COMICS  
**LARRY MARDER** - exec. director

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**THROUGH THE CENTURIES** IT'S TOUCHED LITERALLY MILLIONS OF LIVES--  
SOME THROUGH DIRECT CONTACT, OTHERS MERELY THE VICTIMS OF FALLOUT  
THEY WEREN'T EVEN AWARE OF. IT'S MERE EXISTENCE HAS CAUSED A  
RIPPLE EFFECT THAT SWALLOWED MANY WORTHY OF DEATH AND THOUSANDS  
OF INNOCENTS WHOSE ONLY 'CRIME' WAS TO BE CAUGHT IN ITS WAKE.

ITS TIME HAS COME AGAIN. IT IS NOW IN EVIDENCE FOR  
THE FIRST TIME IN NEARLY TWO HUNDRED YEARS:

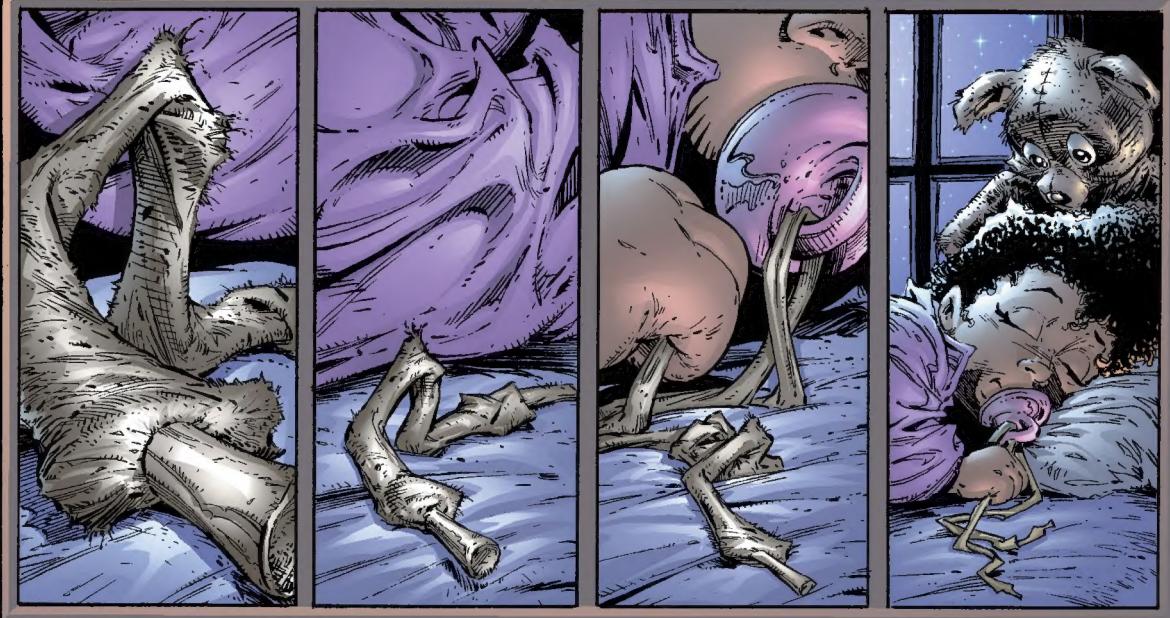
**THE HELLSPAWN.** AND THE CURSE HE BRINGS WITH HIM.

AT FIRST, THE CREATURE IS DISORIENTED FROM THE TRANSFORMATION  
AND HAS ONLY LIMITED UNDERSTANDING OF THE IMPLICATIONS. AS A  
RESULT, THE NEW SPAWN WARRIOR THINKS OF THINGS ON A PERSONAL  
LEVEL EXCLUSIVELY, TRYING DESPERATELY TO MAKE SENSE OF HIS  
RETURN FROM THE GRAVE. IT'S AT THIS TIME THE METAPHORICAL  
PEBBLE HITS THE WATER AND THE OUTWARD RIPPLING BEGINS. HELL  
SMILES, ANTICIPATING THE AVALANCHE OF SOULS TO BE DELIVERED  
SOON TO THE FLAMING PITS-- GROWING THE ARMIES WHICH WILL ONE  
DAY OPPOSE HEAVEN.

THE OFFICER-IN-TRAINING GRASPS NONE OF THIS, AS HE IS  
CONSUMED BY THE URGE TO REGAIN A LIFE NOW FOREVER LOST.

ALL OF WHICH BRINGS US NOW TO THIS QUIET, NONDESCRIPT HOUSE--  
WHICH, AT FIRST GLANCE, APPEARS TO BE JUST LIKE THE OTHER  
HOUSES ON THE BLOCK. AND, IN FACT, IT IS. THOSE WHO LIVE WITHIN  
ITS WALLS ARE WHAT MAKE IT DIFFERENT. ARE WHAT MAKE IT CURSED.

FOR THEY HAVE **ALL** BEEN TOUCHED.



**THIS ONE HAS BEEN AT THE GREATEST DISTANCE FROM THE CREATURE. SHE HAS HAD BUT A BRIEF ENCOUNTER WITH THE SPAWN WHILE HE WAS IN THE GUISE OF ANOTHER. IT'S HER MOTHER AND FATHER WHO'VE BEEN ENMESHED IN THE TRAUMA OF HELL'S NEW WARRIOR.**

**THAT SITUATION HAS CHANGED.**

**WHEN SHE FOUND IT AT THE HOSPITAL, SHE FELT THE SAME AS WHEN SHE'S GOTTEN PRESENTS AT CHRISTMAS. WHY? SHE DIDN'T KNOW. IT WAS ONLY A DIRTY OLD SHOELACE, BUT SHE FELT COMPELLED TO TURN IT INTO SOME KIND OF TREASURE. SO, SHE DUG OUT A SOOTHER SHE HADN'T USED IN OVER FOURTEEN MONTHS AND MADE HERSELF A NECKLACE. TONIGHT, SHE WENT BACK TO SUCKING THE SOOTHER, FEELING AN ATTACHMENT TO HER NEWFOUND GIFT--**

**--THE SHOELACE--**

**--THE UNSUSPECTED EVIDENCE THAT SOMETHING OR SOMEONE HAD INTERVENED AGAINST HER FATHER'S IRREVERSABLE ILLNESS.**

**JUST DOWN THE HALL** RESTS HER MOTHER. SHE WAS ONCE MARRIED TO A MAN NAMED AL SIMMONS. HE DIED OVER FIVE YEARS AGO, "IN DEFENSE OF HIS COUNTRY" ... OR SO SHE WAS TOLD. AT HIS GRAVESITE, THEY GAVE HER AN AMERICAN FLAG AS A TOKEN OF HIS NATION'S GRATITUDE. THOUGH THANKFUL FOR IT, SHE HELD IN HER FIST A MOMENTO OF FAR GREATER VALUE:

**HER WEDDING BAND.**

**IT WAS NEARLY A YEAR BEFORE SHE PUT IT ASIDE, AT THE TIME WHEN SHE STARTED DATING ANOTHER MAN, TERRY FITZGERALD... AL'S BEST FRIEND. TERRY BROUGHT HAPPINESS INTO HER LIFE. THEY MARRIED ANOTHER YEAR LATER. AND YET, HER FIRST RING STILL SITS NO MORE THAN ARM'S-LENGTH AWAY-- FOREVER KEEPING AL'S MEMORY ALIVE.**

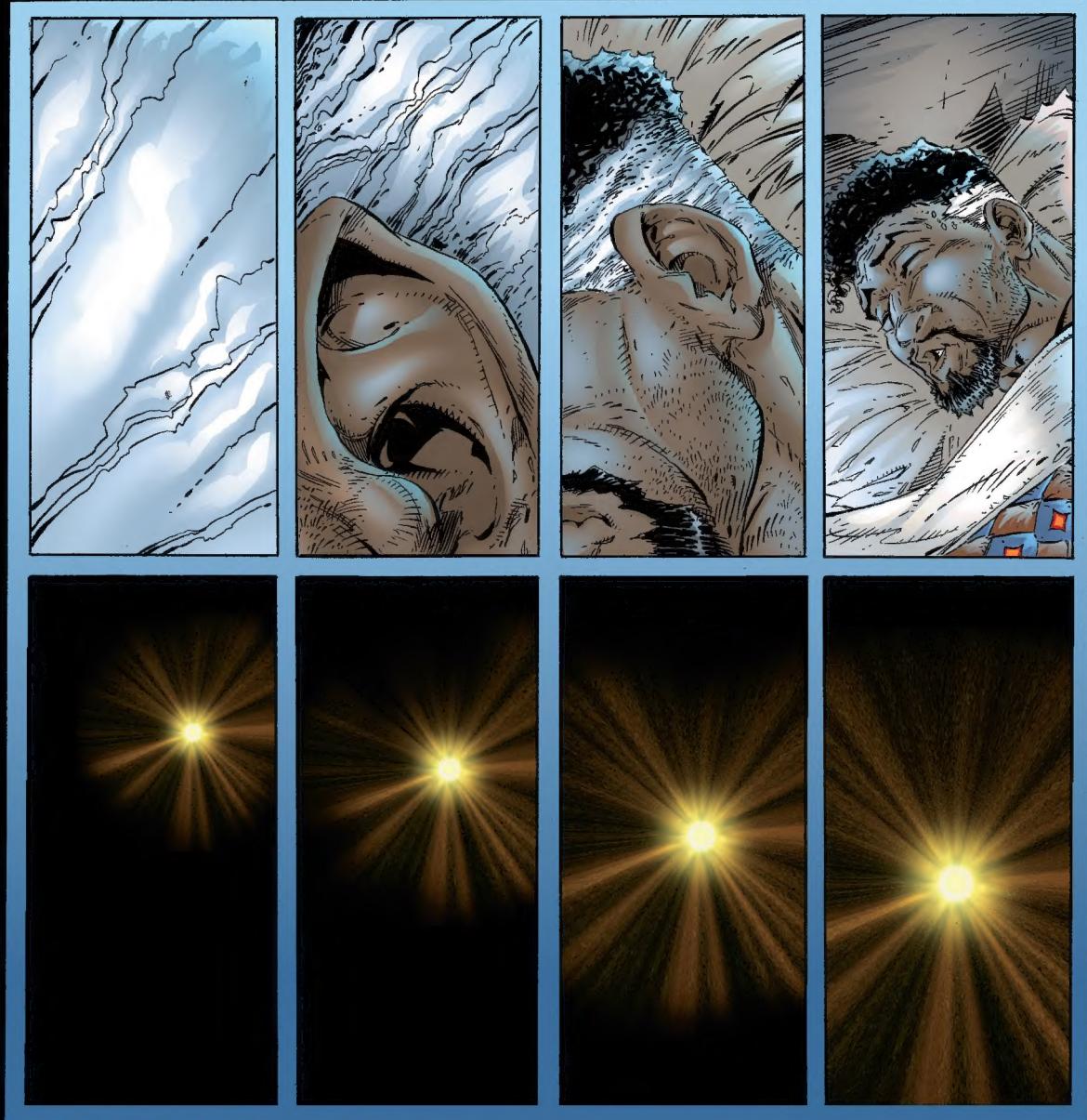
**SHE IS UNAWARE THAT THE THING CALLED "SPAWN" -- THE CREATURE WHO FILLS HER WITH FEAR AND ANXIETY--IS HER FORMER LOVE, RETURNED FROM THE DEAD.**



**IT'S BEEN OVER THREE HOURS** SINCE HE CLOSED HIS EYES, YET THE SLEEP HE SO DESPERATELY WANTS CONTINUES TO EVADE HIM. SINCE HIS "MIRACULOUS" CURE FROM CANCER, REST HASN'T COME EASY. THE DREAMS... OR ARE THEY NIGHTMARES?... CREEP INTO HIS SUBCONSCIOUS, FLASHING RANDOM, SENSELESS IMAGES. FRUSTRATED BY THEIR AMBIGUITY, TERRY LIES THERE IN THE DARK, TRYING TO PIECE THIS PUZZLE TOGETHER.

THE ONLY PHYSICAL CLUE TO HIS RECOVERY -- THE BIZARRE, OVERLOOKED DETAIL -- LIES NOW IN A CRIB, NEXT TO HIS DAUGHTER: THE SHOELACE RIPPED FROM THE VISAGE OF THE HELLSpawn DURING THE MOMENT OF THAT CREATURE'S UNWILLING, LIFESAVING GESTURE.

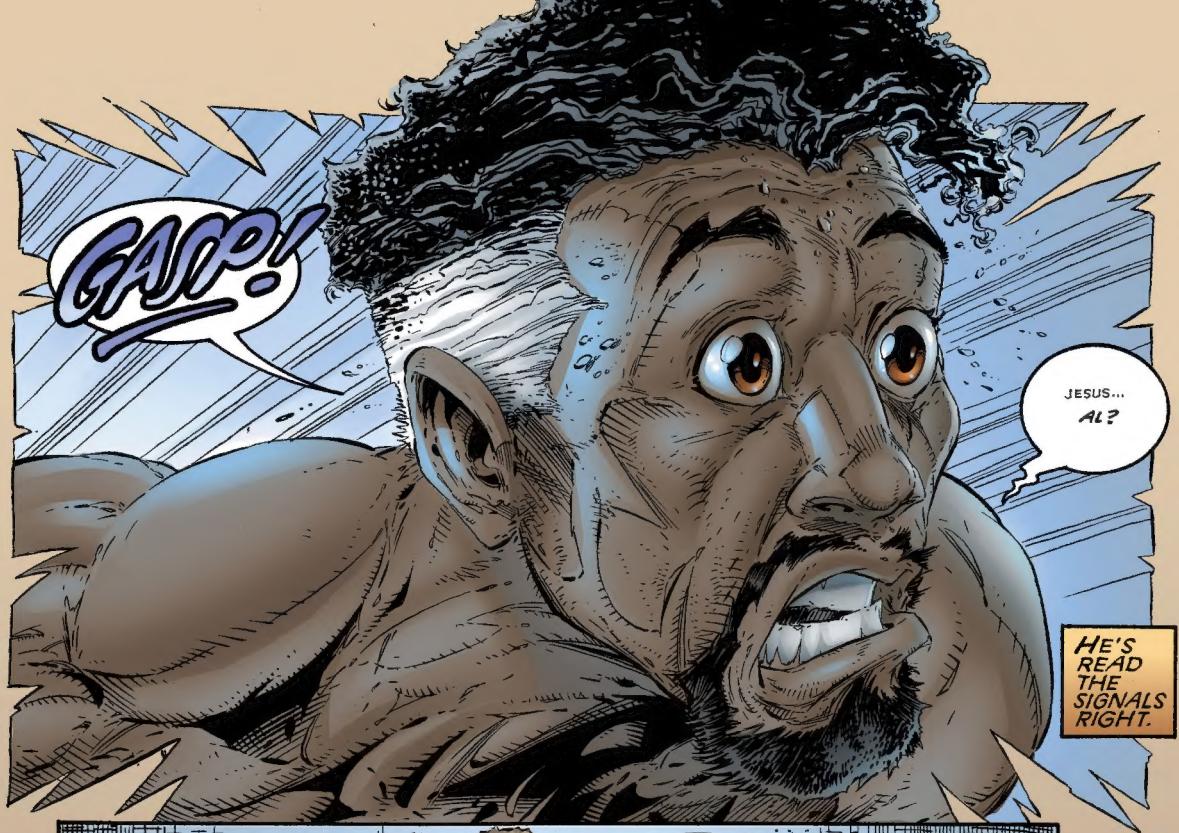
TO CURE TERRY. OUT OF LOVE FOR WANDA.



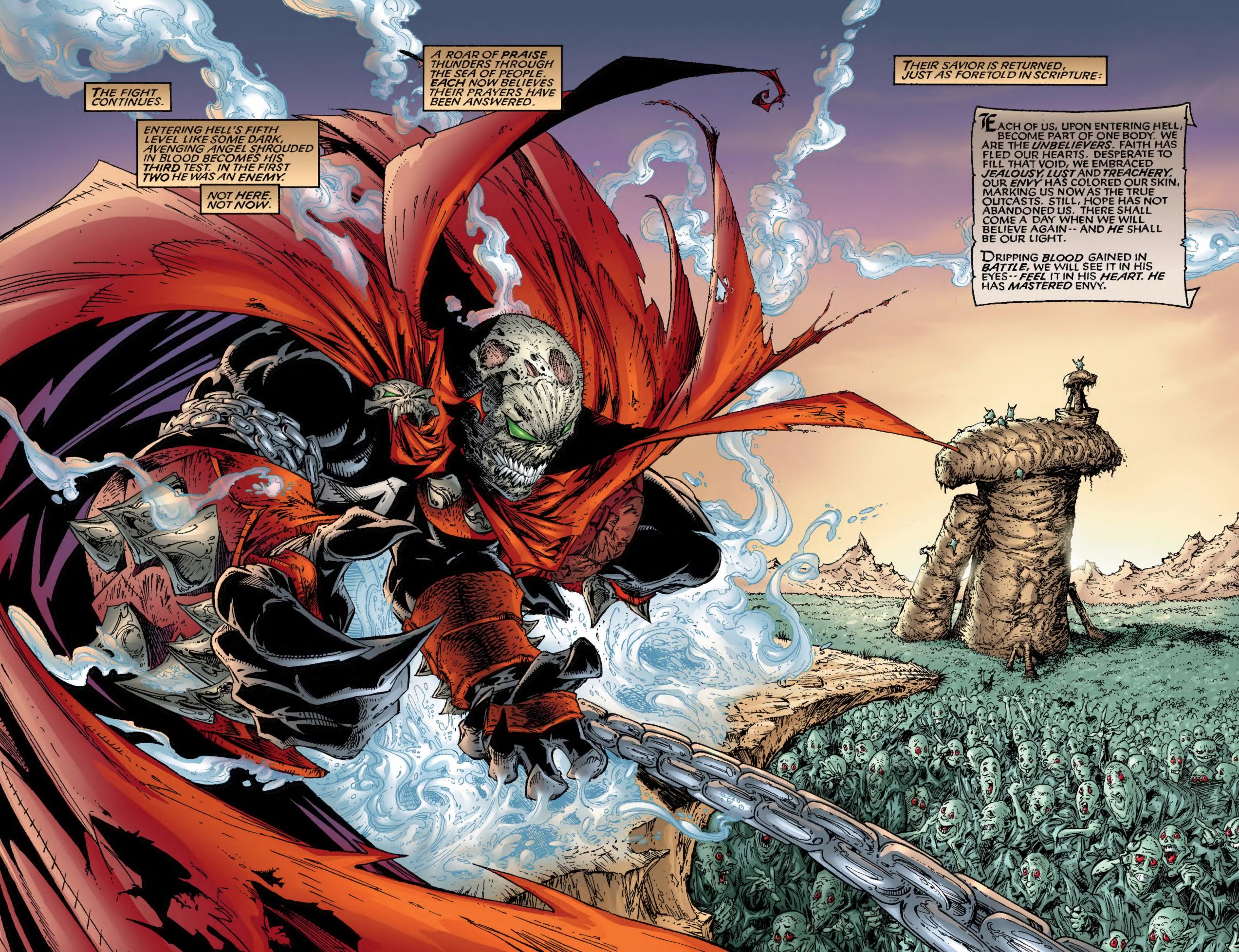
**HE'D BEEN WARNED**, THE HELLSpawn HAD, AGAINST USING SUCH A SUDDEN BURST OF ENERGY. GIVEN THE UNSTABLE STATE OF SPAWN'S SYMBIOTIC COSTUME, THE NEXT ABRUPT DRAIN WOULD TRIGGER THE EJECTION OF THE WARRIOR FROM THIS EARTH AND INTO AN EXPEDITION THROUGH HELL.

GREEN NECROPLASMIC ENERGY EXPENDED IN THE CAUSE OF GOOD HAS ONCE AGAIN ADDED TO SPAWN'S MISERY. THE ONLY HOPE REMAINING FOR THE FORMER AL SIMMONS IS AN ETHEREAL CONNECTION TO HIS FRIEND. THOUGH NEITHER IS AWARE OF IT ON ANY LEVEL, THE GREYING AT TERRY'S TEMPLES IS PROOF THE TWO HAD BEEN IN CONTACT...

...THAT, AND THE SCRAMBLED IMAGES TRYING TO SPEAK TO TERRY AT NIGHT.







THE FIGHT  
CONTINUES.

A ROAR OF PRAISE  
THUNDERS THROUGH  
THE SEA OF PEOPLE.  
EACH NOW BELIEVES  
THEIR PRAYERS HAVE  
BEEN ANSWERED.

THEIR SAVIOR IS RETURNED,  
JUST AS FORETOLD IN SCRIPTURE:

ENTERING HELL'S FIFTH  
LEVEL LIKE SOME DARK,  
AVENGING ANGEL SHROUDED  
IN BLOOD BECOMES HIS  
THIRD TEST. IN THE FIRST  
TWO HE WAS AN ENEMY.

NOT HERE.  
NOT NOW.

ACH OF US, UPON ENTERING HELL,  
BECOME PART OF ONE BODY. WE  
ARE THE UNBELIEVERS. FAITH HAS  
FLED OUR HEARTS. DESPERATE TO  
FILL THAT VOID, WE EMBRACED  
JEALOUSY, LUST AND TREACHERY.  
OUR ENVY HAS COLORED OUR SKIN,  
MARKING US NOW AS THE TRUE  
OUTCASTS. STILL, HOPE HAS NOT  
ABANDONED US. THERE SHALL  
COME A DAY WHEN WE WILL  
BELIEVE AGAIN -- AND HE SHALL  
BE OUR LIGHT.

DРИPPING BLOOD GAINED IN  
BATTLE, WE WILL SEE IT IN HIS  
EYES -- FEEL IT IN HIS HEART. HE  
HAS MASTERED ENVY.



THE SCRIPTURES ALSO SAID THAT THE RETURNING KING WOULD RULE THROUGH FORCE. 'AN EYE FOR AN EYE' WOULD BECOME LAW.

FOR A TRILLION YEARS, A TRICKLE OF NEW BELIEVERS HAS GROWN TO A MULTITUDE... SO TOO HAS GROWN THEIR IMAGE OF THE SAVIOR.



JOY.  
SKEPTICISM.  
RAPTURE.  
ANGER.

SPAWN'S ARRIVAL IS GREETED BY A KALEIDOSCOPIC RANGE OF EMOTIONS.



SOME BELIEVE. OTHERS DO NOT. THE FIRST TO EXPRESS DOUBT IS QUICKLY 'CONFRONTED.' THOSE WISHING TO ESCAPE HELL'S REACH MUST HAVE FAITH. NONE WILL BE ALLOWED TO CAST ASPERSIONS ON THEIR CHANCE AT HEAVEN.

QUITE PREDICTABLY, THEY FIND AN ANSWER FOR THE QUESTIONER.





THE BLACK LORD CONTROLLED HIS CHILDREN EFFORTLESSLY BY HAVING EACH WAITING FOR A DEITY THAT HE KNEW WOULD NEVER COME.

WHAT ISN'T PREDICTABLE IS SPAWN BEING THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE.



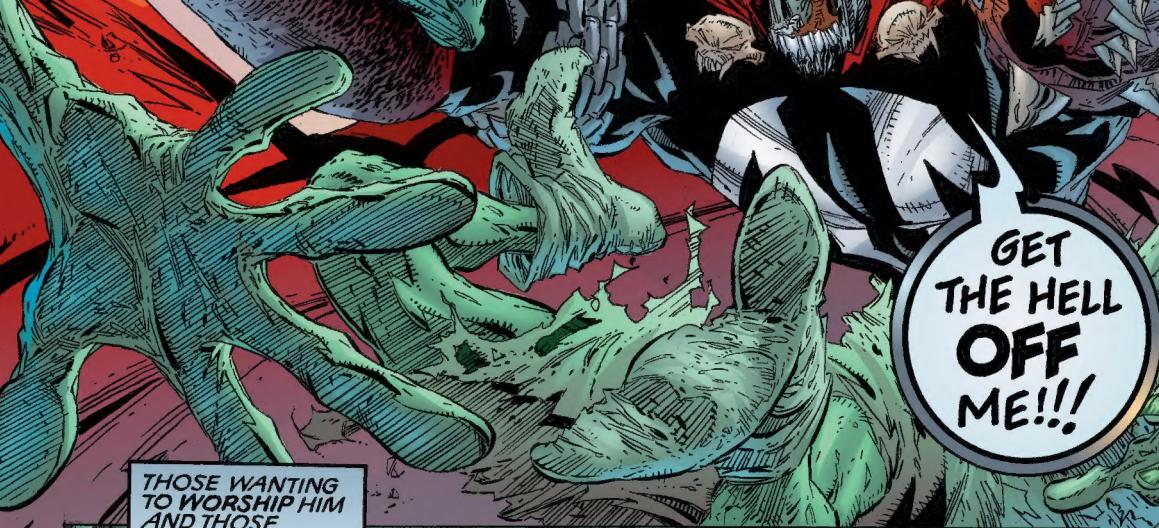
THE PROPHECIES OF SCRIPTURE WERE NEVER SUPPOSED TO COME TO PASS. THEY WERE LIES -- FABRICATIONS OF THE DEVIL WHO RULES UNSEEN OVER THE FIFTH LEVEL.



EACH INDIVIDUAL'S PUNISHMENT WAS TO PRAY AN ETERNITY FOR SALVATION. A FAITH IN THE PROMISES OF SCRIPTURE WAS ALL THEY HAD LEFT.



GET THE HELL OFF ME!!!



THOSE WANTING TO WORSHIP HIM AND THOSE READY TO FLAY HIM STUMBLE OVER EACH OTHER TRYING TO REACH SPAWN FIRST.



THE CLOAKED HERO CARES FOR NEITHER.

ANGER  
NOW SELLS  
HIS FATE.

LEAVE  
ME  
ALONE!

IT  
IS  
HIM!  
THE  
CHOSEN  
ONE.  
HE  
CONTROLS  
THE  
ENVY.



EXALTATIONS  
FOLLOW, AS  
ALL PRESENT  
DROP TO  
THEIR KNEES.

THIS GOD BRINGS  
WITH HIM  
VALIDATION OF  
THEIR HOPES OF  
ENTRY TO HEAVEN.  
FAITH IS THE KEY  
TO HEAVEN'S GATE.

YET, A  
PARASITE  
LIVES IN  
EVERY  
COLONY.

STAND  
UP!!

DO NOT BE SO  
QUICK TO SUBMIT!  
REMEMBER THAT  
ANOTHER HAS  
COME FORTH  
RECENTLY. BOTH  
CANNOT BE  
ANOINTED!



WE'VE WAITED AN INFINITY FOR THIS DAY-- HOPING, PRAYING FOR OUR SALVATION. BUT NOW WE'VE GOTTEN TWO SIGNALS IN LESS THAN A DAY.

HOW DO WE KNOW YOU CAN SAVE US?

I CAN'T.

MODESTY. ANOTHER SIGN OF THE MESSIAH.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU CAN'T?

THEN WHY ARE YOU HERE NOW?

AFTER A MOMENT'S HESITATION, SPAWN GIVES THE SHORT VERSION.

BECAUSE I LOVED MY WIFE.

SO THEY KILLED ME.

IT BEGINS.

THOSE CLOSEST TO THE CONVERSATION REPEAT WHAT THEY'VE JUST HEARD.

AS IT SPREADS FAR AND WIDE THROUGH THE CROWD, IT BECOMES THE GOSPEL.

BY THE TIME IT'S HALF-WAY THROUGH THE CROWD, IT'S TAKEN ON A LIFE OF ITS OWN.

HE KILLED HIS WIFE AND LOVED IT.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE. IT'S ALL THEY UNDERSTAND. BUT NOW IT'S TIME TO PROVE TO THEMSELVES THIS IS THE ACTUAL SECOND COMING.

THE MESSIAH MUST PASS A FINAL TEST.

FOR RECENTLY, ANOTHER HAS APPEARED BEFORE THEM.

LIKE THEIRS, HIS SKIN HAS A GREENISH PIGMENT. AND, HE BEARS ANOTHER FEATURE FORETOLD IN SCRIPTURE:

A FIN.

ONLY THE PROPHETS EXHIBITED THIS TRAIT.

SO, SACRIFICAL GIFTS ARE THROWN IN HIS PATH.

THE RANKS HAVE BEEN THUS DIVIDED: THOSE WHO BELIEVE IN THE NEW GOD, AND THOSE WHO WISH TO FOLLOW THE PROPHET.

A BATTLE WILL EXPOSE THE IMPOSTER.

LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH.

SPAWN STARES INTENTLY FOR A MOMENT, TRYING TO PLACE HIS NEW FOE, WITHOUT SUCCESS.

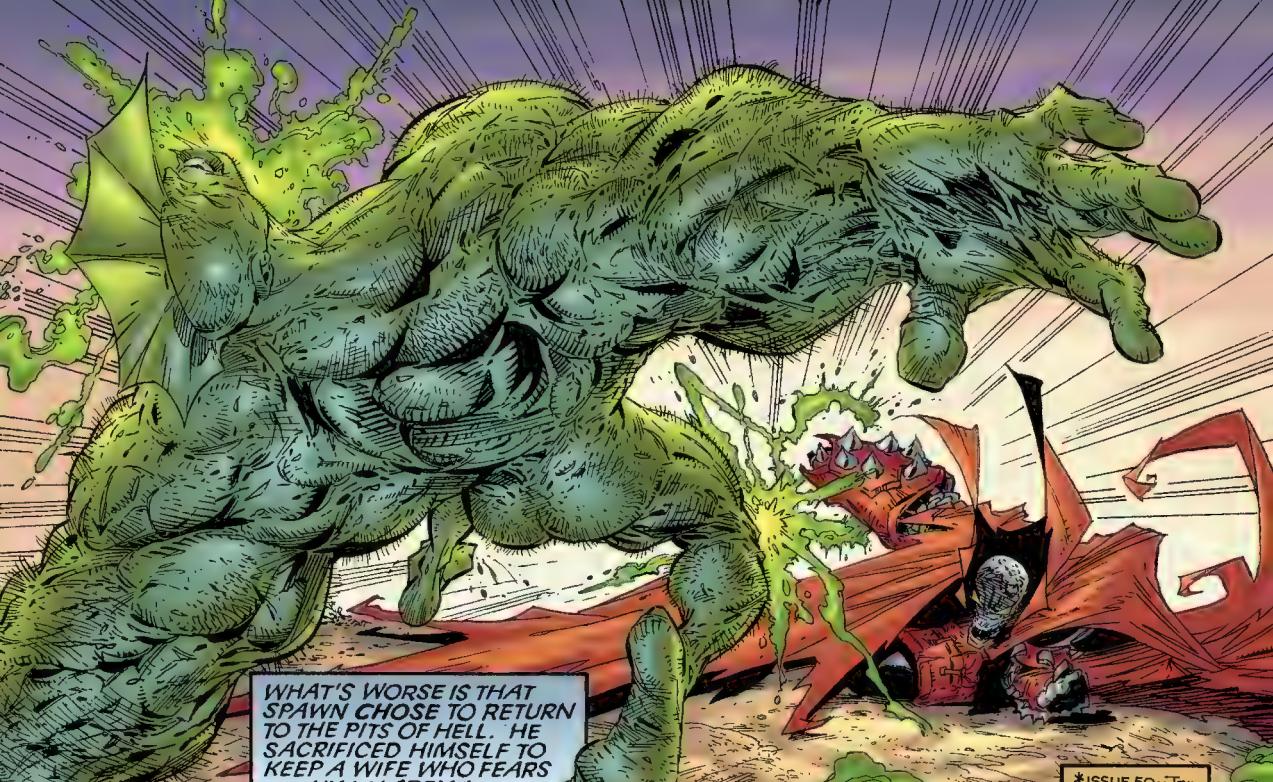
HE TELLS HIMSELF IT'S JUST ANOTHER STRANGER TRYING TO BLUR HIS EXISTENCE.

ANOTHER OBSTACLE.

HELL HAS BECOME NO DIFFERENT FROM EARTH.

ALWAYS ON THE ATTACK, OR TAKING THINGS.

NEVER GIVING BACK.



WHAT'S WORSE IS THAT SPAWN CHOSE TO RETURN TO THE PITS OF HELL. HE SACRIFICED HIMSELF TO KEEP A WIFE WHO FEARS HIM HAPPY.\*

\* ISSUE 50 - TOM



AFTER ALL, HOW CAN A DEAD, CURSED SOUL IN HELL MAKE HIS SITUATION ANY WORSE?

HIS VIOLENT, RAGING ATTACK KNOWS NO BOUNDS.

INNOCENTS ARE CAUGHT IN THE FRAY.



ON EARTH, HIS USE OF HIS POWERS HAD TO BE DISCREET. IN HIS CURRENT STATE OF DAMNATION, HOWEVER, A BERSERKER'S BELIGERANCE IS CONSIDERED A VIRTUE.

HE DOESN'T RELENT UNTIL HIS GOAL IS MET.



ABSOLUTE VICTORY OVER HIS GREEN FOE.

HIS  
OPPONENT  
DRAWS  
A DEEP  
BREATH.

THE NEXT  
SOUND TO  
LEAVE HIS MOUTH  
IS LOST IN THE DIN  
OF A THOUSAND  
FOOTFALLS.

hee  
hee

BLASPHEMER

DEFILER

FALSE  
PROPHET

DIE

DIE

DIE

RAGE BOILS  
OVER. THEY'LL  
NOT ENDURE  
SUCH DIS-  
RESPECT  
TOWARD THEIR  
DAMNATION.

THEIR ETERNAL  
WAIT HAS  
EARNED THEM  
AT LEAST THAT  
COMPENSATION.

EVEN IF  
THE TRES-  
PASSER  
DOES BEAR  
THE MARK.

AND AS THE HULKING  
FIGURE IS MARCHED  
AWAY LIKE SOME  
HUNTER'S PRIZE KILL,  
HIS REACTION IS EVEN  
MORE STARTLING.

SPAWN SWEARS  
HE HEARS SOMETHING  
THAT JUST  
CAN'T BE:

GIGGLING.

A GLORIOUS CELEBRATION ENSUES,  
ENGULFING MOST OF THE GATHERING.  
THEIR KING HAS FINALLY COME FOR  
THEM. ALL SHALL BE SAVED.

WITH ONE  
EXCEPTION.

SO WHAT  
HAPPENS  
TO HIM?

WHEN THE  
DARKNESS  
COMES, HE'LL  
DIE.

WHEN HE  
APPEARED, HE  
GAVE US HOPE.  
HIS DEFEAT  
SHOWS HOW  
WE WERE  
BETRAYED,  
MY LORD.

SO HE IS BEING  
PREPARED--  
BEFOULED WITH  
GRIME, FED HIS  
LAST MEAL,  
THEN SHOWERED  
IN URINE.

HIS CROSS IS  
BEING READIED.  
THE STONING  
WILL TAKE BUT  
A FEW MINUTES.

CRIMES AGAINST  
THE FAITH WILL  
NOT BE PERMITTED.  
ESPECIALLY THOSE  
COMMITTED BY  
HIS KIND.

I'D  
LIKE TO  
SPEAK TO  
HIM...  
...PRIVATELY.

OF  
COURSE,  
MY  
LORD.

WHAT NOW?  
COME HERE  
TO DO A  
LITTLE  
GLOATING?

NOPE.  
I DON'T  
HAVE TO.  
YOU ALREADY  
KNOW WHAT  
I CAN DO.

STILL, I'M  
CURIOUS ABOUT  
SOMETHING. OUT OF  
ALL YOUR PEOPLE,  
WHY WERE YOU  
SELECTED TO  
TAKE ME ON?

THOSE  
AREN'T "MY"  
PEOPLE.  
LOOK... YOU  
WANT TO  
FIGURE THIS  
OUT. GREAT. TO  
ME, THIS IS ALL  
SOME SCREWY  
DREAM OR  
HALLUCINA-  
TION.

BUT IF IT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL  
ANY BETTER, I'LL SPILL MY GUTS.  
SEE, I'M FROM CHICAGO, SOME  
BIG CITY IN AMERICA. MY JOB IS  
TRYING TO CLEAN IT UP, WHICH  
MEANS I DEAL WITH PSYCHOS EVERY  
DAY. THE LAST ONE WAS SOME BROAD  
WHO CALLS HERSELF THE F/END.\*  
DON'T ASK ME WHY, BUT FOR SOME  
REASON SHE'S GOT THIS HARD-ON  
TO WIPE ME OUT. SO WE MET, AND  
SHE BLEW OFF MY ARMS.

AND THAT'S THE LAST I  
RECALL OF REALITY.

MY GUESS IS, SHE SHOT  
ME FULL OF DRUGS AND  
I'M TRIPPING OUT  
RIGHT NOW--

-- BECAUSE NEXT THING I  
KNOW I APPEAR IN HELL,  
BUCK NAKED, WITH BOTH  
ARMS BACK, AND EVERY-  
ONE I MEET THINKS I'M  
SOME GODDAMN PROPHET.  
MY FIN MEANS SOME-  
THING SPIRITUAL  
TO THEM.

WHEN YOU SHOWED UP,  
I WAS REDUCED TO  
SECOND BANANA. WHO  
WANTS A PROPHET  
WHEN A GOD COMES  
CALLING?

BESIDES,  
IT REALLY  
PISSED THEM OFF  
WHEN I SAID  
THEIR MESSIAH  
WOULDN'T APPEAR  
FOR ANOTHER  
FORTY THOUSAND  
YEARS.

AND  
THAT  
JUSTIFIES  
KILLING  
YOU?

LIKE I SAID,  
THIS IS JUST  
SOME NIGHTMARE.  
THEY WANTED A  
FIGHT, I GAVE IT TO  
THEM. ONE OF US  
HAD TO FAIL.





LIKE A STAMPEDE OF CATTLE, THE MOB CRUSHES SPAWN UNDER ITS SHEER WEIGHT.

RAVENOUS FOR BLOOD.

NEVER WOULD THE HOLY LEADER SUCH A Demean-ING ORDER AS, "FORGIVE."

"AN EYE FOR AN EYE."

SO IT IS WRITTEN.

SO IT SHALL BE.

LEGEND HAS SPOKEN OF THIS ENEMY ALSO. HOW THE FALSE GOD BEARS A SYMBOL OF HIS VILENESS.

A CALL TO 'TURN THE OTHER CHEEK' COMES ONLY FROM THE GREATEST SINNER.

SPAWN DIDN'T HAVE ONE. THAT DIDN'T MATTER. HE DID. NOW.

THE CARVING WAS CRUDE.

YOUR  
**RECKONING**  
IS AT HAND.

THEY WILL  
SOON KNOW  
IN THE OTHER  
LEVELS **NOT** TO  
TRIFLE WITH OUR  
PRAYERS. YOUR  
DEATHS SHALL BE  
A TRIUMPHAL  
TESTAMENT TO  
OUR FAITH--

--REDEDICATING  
US TO OUR COMING  
SALVATION.

YOU  
BOTH  
SHALL DIE,  
FOREVER  
MARKED AS  
**TRAITORS**.  
DESPITE YOU,  
WE SHALL  
OVERCOME.

THE SELF-  
IMPOSED  
LEADER  
TURNS  
TO HIS  
MASSES.

LET HE  
WHO IS  
**WITH**  
SIN CAST  
THE FIRST  
STONE!

SADLY FOR THEM,  
THEIR WEAPONS  
WILL NOT STRIKE  
THEIR INTENDED  
TARGETS.

THE CRUCIFIED  
PAIR VANISH  
IN A BLINK.

THEIR VENGEANCE NOW DENIED, THE OCCUPANTS OF HELL'S FIFTH LEVEL CAN ONLY RETURN TO THEIR BELOVED ALTAR. IT IS, AFTER ALL, THE EXACT SPOT WHERE THE TRUE GOD WILL RETURN. SO IT IS WRITTEN. SO IT SHALL BE.

BUT NONE WILL BE ABLE TO PREDICT THEIR ACTUAL FUTURE: THAT OF ABJECT DAMNATION. IN THEIR FAITH HAS NOW BEEN PLANTED A SEED OF DOUBT, AND IN THAT ENVIRONMENT THESE ACRES OF GREEN SOULS WILL DECLINE INTO ROT.

EACH BELIEVES THEIRS IS THE TRUE PATH TO CLEANSING. ANY DISAGREEMENTS WILL AT FIRST BE PEACEFUL-- PHILOSOPHICAL-- THEN ESCALATE WITH CHILLING EASE INTO BATTLE LINES DRAWN BETWEEN ENEMIES.

ANARCHY WILL BE THE RULE, SET IN MOTION FOR THE NEXT MILLION YEARS BY A PUPPET USED IN AN UNHOLY WAR.

THE ARRIVAL OF THIS SPAWN, NOW BRANDED, HAS SET FOREVER IN MOTION THESE CATA-CLYSMIC EVENTS. HIS LORD, THE EVIL MALEBOLGIA, HAS FINALLY FOUND A WAY TO EVEN A PERSONAL SCORE WITH THE RULER OF LEVEL FIVE.

FOR, THOUGH HELL DOES SEEK TO CONQUER THE POWERS OF GOOD, ITS LORDS ALSO SEEK TO EVISCERATE EACH OTHER.

IMAGINE WHAT THESE HELLISH BEINGS WOULD LEAVE IN THEIR WAKE ON THIS EARTH... !

NEXT:  
*SPAWN vs. MALEBOLGIA*





Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE

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